

# **Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers |**

## **Chapter 55**

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#### **CHARLOTTE**

“What the hell is going on out here?” Mr. Tucker’s voice bounces off the walls. Ember and I make it just in time to see what was going on. Darren is letting go of Xavier.

Tristan is in the middle of kicking one of the IT guys in the stomach. Everett, on the other hand, has his feet propped up on one of Sean’s as he sits down eating chips, blocking people from getting in the fight.

What the hell are they thinking?

“It’s not what it looks like, Mr. T.” Everett jumps slightly.

“Dudes, what the hell?” Chase runs his fingers through his hair.

“It might look like we are in the wrong, because we were winning but—”

“Enough, Mr. Reed,” Mr. Tucker slaps Everett’s feet off the desk. “This is a place of business, not the WWE. Everyone back to work—not you assholes, conference room C now.

I’ve never seen people disperse so quickly. Mr. Tucker means business. I don’t know who I’m scared for the most. The guys or Xavier and Ember—maybe all of them. He is deadly calm.

“Come on,” Chase says. I shake my head no. “What do you mean no?”

“I’m not a part of that.” I watch everyone, including Ember, walk in the general direction of the conference room. “I’ll be at my desk when you get back.” I smile.

“Seriously?” He looks so comical right now. I would laugh, but now isn’t the time. Tristan’s inappropriateness is rubbing off on me, for sure. “Charles, are you being serious right now?

“Why wouldn’t I be?” I give him a questionable look.

“You love this type of shit. Being in the middle of the drama, so to speak, is your way of life.”

“Excuse me?” I could just slap him.

“I don’t mean it in a negative way.”

I roll my eyes. “Stop talking. Like I said, I will see you when you come back.” He reaches out to me, and I take a step back.

“I’m not mad, so you don’t have—just go. Chase, your father just looked around the corner. I need to go find Skyla, anyway.”

“You’re not mad?”

“No, but if you keep asking me, I will be.” I kiss his cheek and take off to find Ms. Skyla Savage. She doesn’t have to explain herself to me, but I am curious to know how in the hell that happened.

She is sitting behind her desk fiercely typing away on her keyboard. I knock on the doorframe.

“Can I come in?”

She looks up and back to her monitor. “Sure, come right in.”

“If you’re busy, I can come back later.”

“No, it’s fine. I’m almost done with this email. Tristan has been royally fucking up. It’s like he’s doing things on purpose.” She huffs.

“Tristan always does his best. It was probably an accident.”

“Defending him, I see.” She taps on her keyboard.

“I know my friend.” I shrug. “But what I didn’t see coming was you and Jasper.” She stops typing, her cheeks turning a shade of red.

Skyla slowly looks at me and the reaction I thought I was going to get—this was not it. “Why are you crying? I shouldn’t have said anything. I’m sorry.”

“N—no, it’s not your fault. I should have never—oh my goodness, I am such a whore.” She cries harder. I’m out of my seat and comforting her in seconds.

“Skyla, you’re not a whore. So, what if you are hooking up with Jasper? That’s life, and you both are adults and can do anything you want.” Now I feel bad for opening my big mouth.

"I don't know if he wants something more or just to mess around. I know his daughter, Autumn, comes first and I would never try to—"

"Sorry to cut you off, but he told you about Autumn?"

She nods, sniffling.

"He likes you, Sky. Trust me, he likes you a lot."

She wipes the tears, but they keep on coming, and I'm not sure she can stop herself. I see a mini-fridge, and I grab a bottle of water from it. "Here, drink this."

Jasper told her about Autumn. That has to mean something. That right there means more than something—I think Jasper might end up falling for her. I wonder what else he has told her.

"I am so sorry." Her breathing is erratic. "I really do like him, and I feel..."

"You have got to stop crying. Jasper likes you a lot. He told you about Autumn, which is a huge deal, and if he told you other things pertaining to her—he likes you a lot, okay? Just don't overthink it."

She calms herself down, but I can see that at any moment she will burst into tears again. "We should go out for dinner tonight. I heard a few people talking about some restaurant nearby. Are you down?"

I take my seat across from her again.

"I can't. Jasper wants—"

"Oh no, don't explain to me. You're grown. Remember it's your business, not mine." I smile. I do not want to hear that he and she are going to be going at it.

She laughs softly. "No, he is taking me to meet Autumn after work. I said yes because maybe he is serious, but then what if he is just doing all of this...leading me on to just screw me."

"I don't think he is running game. You already had sex with him more than once. He already got you, so to speak, so meeting Autumn means he is serious. Like really serious."

I would have never found out about Autumn if I'd listened to Chase and stayed away from Jasper. I believe Jasper sees just how beautiful Skyla is inside and out.

Maybe he is finally ready to let someone in not only for him, but for Autumn.

“I’ll just see how tonight goes. I don’t want to rush anything,” she stands and I do the same. “I have a payroll meeting in five minutes.” She picks up a pile of folders. “I’ll stop by to see you before the day is over.”

“Sure thing.”

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I head back to my cubicle, but I take the long way, walking past the conference room. The door is cracked open just a little, and I peek inside.

Mr. Tucker and an older woman are sitting at the table, and with the look on their faces, I can tell this isn’t a happy conversation. I step a little closer to hear what they are saying.

“Ember took the bait as usual, but the media? Why would she do that? The damn girl has lost her mind, Evan.”

“The dramatics. The *damn girl* has been dramatic since I’ve met her. You should know her better than anyone, Rebecca. She worked for you until you ran the poor girl away.”

“She was having an affair with my husband.”

“And you and I were having one, too. I don’t see what the problem is. Ember is the least of our worries now. We have Chase and Xavier where we want them. Chase is already thinking about taking over the company.”

“And Xavier is as well. Having the blonde was a perfect idea. All we have to do now is—”

“What the hell are you doing?”

I jump, turning around. “What the hell are *you* doing?” I quickly run to Darren, pushing him down the hallway. “Move quickly.”

“Watch your hands.” He tries to sway my hands away. I just keep pushing until we are in the clear. I let out a deep breath.

“Why did you have to yell!?”

“Why were you eavesdropping?” He raises his eyebrows at me. “Don’t you get sick of snooping?”

“Oh, shut the hell up! I wasn’t snooping. I was looking for you guys.” I roll my eyes and walk off. I see Chase sitting at my desk, and I rush towards him. Grabbing his hand, I pull him out of the seat. “We need to talk now.”

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